

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half-year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra. Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.

No. 20.—VOL. XXXI.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1853.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

THE QUARTET ASSOCIATION.

We are *en retard* with this two-year old, though already flourishing society. MM. Sainton and Cooper will forgive us when we declare that we have not neglected them expressly, but from pressure.

The second concert took place on Thursday, the 28th ult., at Willis's Rooms. The quartets were Haydn, in F, No. 82; Mendelssohn, in F minor (posthumous); and Beethoven, in E flat, Op. 74. The executants were, as before, MM. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti. The two first-named admirable violinists alternated the place of leader. The first and last quartets were played to perfection. That of Mendelssohn—one of the grandest inspirations of the master—was played with so much fire, and with such excellent intention, that we should like to hear it once more this season—since, and we say it with deference, still more remains to be done to lay bare its hidden beauties, which are literally countless.* Herr Pauer's sonata in A major, for violin and pianoforte, performed between the second and third quartets, completed the selection. This is the work of a thoughtful and cultivated musician, and was played in first-rate style by M. Sainton and the composer. We prefer to hear it again, however, before attempting to analyse it, or to offer any decided opinion of its general merits.

On Thursday last, the third concert attracted a crowded audience. The programme commenced with a quartet of Ferdinand Ries, in F major, which, like that of Hummel, introduced at the first concert, will be a welcome addition to the *repertoire*. The work of a thorough musician, it exhibits cleverness and ingenuity throughout, although it is destitute of absolute originality. It was finely executed by MM. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti, and well received. As distant as the North Pole from the South, however, was the magnificent quartet of Beethoven, of No. 12, in E flat, (Op. 127) from the pale inspiration of Ries. Mr. Macfarren has given such an interesting account of this work that we cannot resist from quoting largely. Our readers will not be dissatisfied, we are sure. The following are chiefly historical:—

"This the first of what have been erroneously called the "Posthumous" Quartets of Beethoven, a misnomer which, to the just appreciation of the works, it is highly important to correct; since the fact that they were all printed under the composer's supervi-

* The Analysis of this work, by Mr. Macfarren, was reprinted from the Programme of the Quartet Association in our number before last.

sion, apart from the intrinsic evidence of the music itself, silences the question shallow criticism has raised, of whether the author of Beethoven's earliest works would, upon mature reflection, have submitted these compositions to the world. It is strange that, with the facility and the frequency of communication that exists between this country and Germany, where the publication and the repeated performance, in the composer's presence, of the Quartet took place, that a mistake, utterly without foundation, should prevail here; but, however strange, none the less general—and, how ever general, all the more necessary to be explained.

"A letter of the Prince Galitzin, and the reply to it of Herr Schindler that appeared in the musical journals of last autumn throw much very interesting light upon the history of these compositions, which, although somewhat obscured by the mutual recriminations of the writers, is sufficient to show us some important particulars of the circumstances of their production. It appears that, in 1822, Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin engaged Beethoven to compose for him three Quartets, of each of which his Highness was to have possession in manuscript for a clear year before its publication. At the time of the first performance of the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D, Beethoven was in doubt whether to enter upon the composition of these Quartets, or of the projected Tenth Symphony, and an Oratorio to be called "The Victory of the Cross;" and his friends and advisers were divided in their recommendation of these several exercises of his genius: Schuppanzigh, with his celebrated quartet party, urging, for obvious reasons, the former, with the support of Beethoven's brother, whose mercenary motives taught him to regard the wondrous power of the composer merely as a means to immediate pecuniary profit, not as the manifestation of the great spirit of an artist; while Bernard, who had written the poem of the designed Oratorio, from motives no less obvious than those of his opponents, and Schindler, the author of Beethoven's biography, endeavoured to persuade him to the alternative. The advocates for the Quartets, principally, it is said, by reason of the strong influence upon his brother of Johann van Beethoven, the chemist and druggist, finally prevailed, and the present work is the first consequence of this persuasion. It was written, says Herr Schindler, in the summer of 1824, and forwarded to the Prince, at St. Petersburg, in the latter part of the same year. About this period, in a letter to Ferdinand Ries, his pupil, his friend, and the agent of most of his business transactions in England, Beethoven speaks of the work upon which he had been engaged, and requests his correspondent to negotiate for its publication in London. It is said that a copy of the Quartet, while the work was yet unpublished, was sent to Baillot for performance at his renowned quartet meetings in Paris. How far this may have been an infraction of Prince Galitzin's requisition does not appear; it is certain, however, that the work was first printed in the December of 1825, in fulfilment of the engagement that it should be in the possession of the Prince a year before it should be given to

the world through the medium of publication. Beethoven received fifty ducats for the copyright of this Quartet, besides fifty ducats that he either received or was to have received from the Prince. The purport of the two letters from which (and from Rie's "Notizen," and from private information) these details are derived, is, on the part of the Prince, to affirm, and of the biographer to discredit, that the sum of fifty ducats was remitted to Beethoven before he commenced the composition,—a matter that the confliction of assertion with evidence places almost beyond the possibility of proof. Be this as it may, the world obviously owes to the suggestion of the Prince whose name they bear, the possession of these three quartets, with all their wonderful peculiarities and their beauties that surpass admiration, whatever the Prince may owe or have punctually paid to the author on account of their composition; and I am inclined to believe that sincere well-wishers of art will do justice to Galitzin in exonerating from all responsibility a man of such liberal views and delicate feeling as only could have afforded such an invitation to Beethoven. Our art has too few true appreciators; such alone can be its real patrons, for us to be able to afford that the character of the man who originated the most remarkable series of works that belongs to this department of music, should be at the mercy of one whose business is to defend an unsatisfactory account of the life of the composer. I dare not pretend that, were there more Galitzins, there would be more Beethovens; but this I will confidently assert, that, had the artist more of such encouragement as the first letter of the Prince must have been to the composer, his life would be less one of unrest, since unacknowledgment, than too often it is unhappily known to be.

"Here, then, is satisfactory external proof, not only that the Quartet before us was published during the composer's life, but that it remained unprinted for more than a year after its composition, always subject, of course, to his correction—that he sought its publication in England—that he sent it for performance to Baillot—and that he directed its execution by Schuppanzigh; all of which corroborate what the intrinsic evidence of the music most powerfully indicates, that it was written with deliberation, and published with consideration, and with complete satisfaction as to its merits. It has peculiarities; but these are not the consequence of madness, nor of deafness, nor of any incapacity to experience their effect, but of a particular view of art, and a special principle in the treatment of its technicalities, that, whatever their influence upon the imperishable genius of Beethoven, have had the unfortunate tendency in our own times to give license, from his precedent, if not justification on its own merit, to a false school that aims at the destruction of all established rules of beauty, and perverts, if not annuls, the natural talents of all its disciples.

"The Quartet under consideration is eminently rich in melodic ideas; but it is still more remarkable for the careful elaboration, almost unequalled in any work of the author, with which these are developed, perhaps sometimes obscured. The ingenious research that manifests itself in every detail of this intricately complicated composition, is sufficient evidence of the pains spent in its production, and this, which renders the work insusceptible of the immediate appreciation of even the most educated and experienced hearers, especially invites a studious examination of its construction, that leads us to the discovery of beauties such as repay us many a thousandfold for the zeal wherewith we may have sought them."

The critical analysis would be spoiled without the musical illustrations; we are, therefore, compelled to refer those who would read it to the programmes of M. Sainton. The performance of Beethoven's Quartet by MM. Sainton and his coadjutors, was the most complete and satisfactory we have ever heard of this most elaborate, profound, and difficult work. The care expended in getting it up must have been great; but such a result was worth any pains that might have been spent upon it. The applause that greeted MM. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti, was as loud and unanimous as it was richly deserved.

What remains to be said is agreeable to be said. We have to speak of the pianoforte; and when we say that Wilhelmina Clauss was the pianist, it will be readily understood that it is agreeable to speak of the piano. The *duo sonata* of Mendelssohn, in B flat, performed by the interesting young Bohemian (*Voilà une Bohémienne!*) and Alfredo Piatti, the Italian, was a real treat. With the enthusiastic account given by Mr. Macfarren, in the programmes of this gorgeously beautiful work, we wholly concur.* To interpret it as it should be interpreted—in the spirit of Mendelssohn, demands as much genius as fluent execution on the part of the players. These were both found in Mdlle. Clauss, and (need we add?) in Signor Piatti. It would not be easy to decide which sang the melodies best—the girl or the boy; the *Bohemienne* or the Tuscan, the Piano or the *Cello*. The Italian, into the lengthened phrases of melody, infused all the warmth which is a peculiarity of his clime and an element of his national temperament. The *ritardandi* were protracted with delicious languor, in the solo "bits" for the violoncello. In the accompaniment to the pianoforte passages, on the other hand, Piatti played fierily and vigorously, and did not give his fair companion a chance of *ritardandi*, *rallentandi*, *diminuendi*, *morendi*, and the nicer machinery of expression. When left to herself, however, Wilhelmina showed herself quite equal to compete with her partner, and executed the *brawura* passages with the greatest brilliancy and force. Piatti, like Macready, would have kept exclusive possession of the stage; but Clauss, like Rachel, would not have it at any price. In the *andante*, in G minor, her reading was perfection. The player was worthy of her music,—which is saying no little, when that music consists of one of Mendelssohn's most touching, plaintive, and original movements. The performance was interesting from beginning to end; and both performers gained the victory, which was announced by the favourable verdict unanimously delivered by the audience.

After the last quartet, Mdlle. Clauss played Handel's celebrated variations in E,† from the *Suite de Pièces*, in that

* These Programmes, containing the most masterly criticism on music with which we are acquainted, are alone, as we think we have already said, worth the price of subscription to the Quartet Association.

† "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

same key so charmingly, that we longed for the rest; and terminated the concert in the most attractive manner by an equally good performance of a *Gavotte* and *trio*, from John Sebastian Bach's *Suite de Pièces (Anglaises)* in D minor.

We felicitate MM. Sainton and Co. on the progress they have already made. The Quartet Association already bids fair to become a permanent institution. We heartily desire that it may.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the Times.)

The third concert, which took place last night, presented several highly interesting features, and, on the whole, merits to be described as the best ever given by the New Philharmonic. The hall was as crowded as at the most attractive performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and a very large number of the audience were compelled to stand throughout the evening. The excellence and variety of the programme may be seen in the following outline:—

PART I.

Overture ("Il Flauto Magico")	Mozart.
Aria ("Iphigenia in Aulide")	Gluck.
	Herr Staudigl.	
The music to Paradise Lost	Wylde.
Concerto (in C minor)	Sterndale Bennett.
	Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.	

PART II.

Symphony (in A major)	Mendelssohn.
Aria ("Il Seraglio")	Mozart.
	Herr Reichtart.	
Overture ("Oberon")	Weber.
Lied ("Treuer Tod")	Lindpaintner.
	Herr Staudigl.	
Overture ("La Gazza Ladra")	Rossini.

Conductors, Herr Lindpaintner and Dr. Wylde.

The overture to *Zauberflöte*, Mozart's grandest and most elaborate operatic prelude, was finely played, under the direction of Herr Lindpaintner, who was warmly greeted on his appearance in the orchestra. The exaggerated *forzando* in the theme of the *allegro*, and the overwrought speed, unwarranted by the indications of the score, which, in other places, have become sanctified by custom, were happily discarded by Herr Lindpaintner, who adopted the true Mozartean reading. Herr Staudigl, who, in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Fischek, officiated in that gentleman's place, sang the *aria* of Gluck with his accustomed correctness and discrimination. Something more genial of the same master might, nevertheless, have been selected with advantage.

The new music of Dr. Wylde met with decided success, and, what is more, deserved it. It is hardly enough to say that it is the most complete and musicianlike work that has proceeded from his pen, since it not merely betokens progress, but betrays an invention and a command of resources for which, judging from antecedents, we should have declined to give him credit. The choice of such a subject as *Paradise Lost* betokened a confidence in his ability to grapple with its difficulties which the result showed was not altogether misplaced. The portion of Milton's poem from which Dr. Wylde has selected his materials ranges from the loss of Paradise, through man's disobedience, to the point where Satan undertakes to set out in search of a verification of that heavenly tradition which prophesied another world, and a new creature, whose attributes were to be all but angelic. The personages are confined to Satan and the chiefs of the fallen angels; and this may serve as an excuse

for the dramatic tone which Dr. Wylde has given to his music, in contradistinction to the more solemn and elevated style of the sacred oratorio. The composition begins with an overture, in D minor, which, from its restless and agitated character, may be presumed to depict the rage and despair of the degraded spirits who have been driven out of heaven. A bass recitative then commences the invocation to the muse ("Of man's first disobedience"); and a chorus in D major renders the fine passage, "Sing, heavenly muse," with great propriety and dignity. A soprano solo, "Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view," followed by a chorus in A minor, "Th' infernal serpent, he it was," concludes the invocation, and conveys the description of the means by which Satan and Beelzebub met their fate,—

"Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky."

The chorus is marked by a wildness of character thoroughly in keeping with the subject. Satan and Beelzebub are now introduced, and in a duet, "If thou be'st he" (in F), their mutual recognition is followed by reflections on their actual condition, and by the resolution of Satan to oppose the Almighty will to disseminate good. There is some excellent writing in this duet; but on the whole Dr. Wylde, evidently trammeled by the quantity of words, has made it too long for musical interest. A soprano recitative, "Thus, Satan, talking to his nearest mate," leads to a chorus, "Farewell, happy fields" (in B flat minor), with the intervention of a recitative, in which Satan bewails the difference between the lost heaven and the dark and dreary plain—"the seat of desolation"—where he and his companions are now assembled. The chorus in question, accompanied throughout by the violins and violoncellos, divided and muted, is plaintive and beautiful, and would alone establish the claims of Dr. Wylde to be regarded as a composer of feeling and refinement. Satan's address to Beelzebub, "Here at least we shall be free," Beelzebub's reply, and a soprano recitative that follows, merely serve to lead up effectively to the Arch Enemy's invocation to the assembly of fallen angels—"Princes, potentates, warriors!"—which Dr. Wylde has set to a striking and vigorous aria, in the almost unprecedented key of A flat minor. A similarity in the second measure of this air to a part of the theme of the first chorus about the serpent, whether premeditated or otherwise, has a good effect. Its length, however, the repetition of the opening, and the extreme difficulty of some of the orchestral passages (especially for the basses, where the enharmonic modulation changes the signature from flats to sharps), militate, in some degree, against its general effect. Another well-written chorus, "They heard and were abash'd" (in D minor), further develops the character of the music by means of which the composer has endeavoured to paint the feelings of the banished angels. What immediately follows—the council among the chiefs of the fallen angels who hold debate—is preceded by a series of lengthy recitatives and solos, which do little more than suspend the interest, and which—a charming soprano solo, cleverly accompanied, "For spirits when they pleased," excepted—not being absolutely essential, might be omitted, or at least considerably abridged with advantage. Among these occurs an air in E minor, "O myriads of immortal spirits," Satan's address to the powers, and his recommendation of war—which, from its peculiar style of melody and accompaniments, would be better suited to the atmosphere of the Italian Opera. In no other part of the work do we observe such an evident miscalculation. On the other hand, the care with which the recitatives are written, and the pains bestowed on the orchestral colouring, plainly declare that Dr. Wylde was struggling conscientiously against an almost insurmountable obstacle, and barely escaped, like others before him, from being crushed under a heavy weight of words. The consultation is described in a quartet in B minor, for Satan, Moloch, Belial, and Mammon—"Powers and dominions"—which merges into a quintet, with the addition of Beelzebub, and constitutes one piece of concerted music, written throughout with great ability, and showing both facility in vocal part writing and skill in orchestral combinations. The concluding chorus, "O shame to men," is exceedingly spirited, and contains points of imitation which show Dr. Wylde to be well-studied in the fugal style. The music to *Paradise Lost* was admirably performed—orchestra, chorus, and solo singers (Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Lockey, Herrn Staudigl, Reichtart, and Hoelzel) taking equal pains to do justice to the parts

allotted them. It was, moreover, received with distinguished favour. The chorus, "Farewell, happy fields!" was immensely applauded; and the soprano air, "For spirits, when they please" (exquisitely sung by Miss L. Pyne, and accompanied to perfection by the band) was unanimously redemanded. Dr. Wyde, who conducted his own music, was cordially welcomed; and, at the end, the favourable verdict of the audience was loudly and generally expressed.

The performance of Mr. Sterndale Bennett's third *concerto* for the pianoforte, by Miss Arabella Goddard (who played the whole from memory) was not only interesting on account of the almost unequalled talent of the young executant; other circumstances endowed it with a special attraction. Miss Goddard, who had been invited to play at the Philharmonic Concerts in Hanover-square, with the same liberty of choice which is accorded to all professors whose ability entitles them to such distinction, selected Mr. Bennett's *concerto* in C minor for her *début*, on that, to her, important occasion. A very short time previous to the concert at which she was to perform, however, she was apprised that she must either choose some other piece, or that her engagement would be annulled. That Miss Goddard very properly declined to offer such a slight to a musician of Mr. Bennett's eminence, and to reject his *concerto* after having accorded it her preference, appeared from the result. At the third Philharmonic Concert, the one for which she was engaged, her name did not appear; and, without any explanation to the subscribers, a *notturno* for wind instruments was substituted in place of her anticipated performance. The reasons for excluding Mr. Bennett's music from the Philharmonic Society—of which, for many years, he has not only been a member, but, by his talents, one of the most distinguished ornaments—although they have been made public, are too contemptible to allude to. The directors of the New Philharmonic Society did wisely in taking advantage of the mistaken policy of their rivals. Miss Goddard was engaged to perform the rejected *concerto*, which, although Mr. Costa refused to conduct, from motives entirely indifferent to the public and the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts, is one of the finest works ever composed for the pianoforte and orchestra—and she made an impression upon an audience of upwards of 2,000 persons to which she must hereafter recur with pride and satisfaction. It is unnecessary to enter into further details. The *concerto* of Mr. Bennett has already a place among the "classics" of the art, although its composer is living; with the exception of Mendelssohn, no other musician has produced such a work of its peculiar class during the last quarter of a century. Miss Goddard's execution realized all that had been anticipated from her performance of Beethoven's grand *sonata*, Op. 106, at the Quartet Association, and stamped her as one of the first pianists of the day, beyond further question. A more enthusiastic reception was never accorded to any aspirant to public favour. At the end the applause was so great that Herr Lindpaintner (who had taken more than ordinary pains to make the accompaniments go well) was obliged to leave the orchestra, and bring Miss Goddard forward, again to be greeted with unanimous demonstrations of approval.

In the second part of the concert the magnificent symphony of Mendelssohn, now as great a favourite as the one in A minor, and the overture to *Oberon*, brought out Herr Lindpaintner as a conductor in a manner that more than realized what has already been said in his praise. The delicacy and invariable attention to the gradations of force, elsewhere rarely observed, gave a peculiar charm to the execution of Mendelssohn's music, which, more than that of any other master, suffers from coarseness and monotony of tone. The reading of the opening of Weber's superb overture, although Weber's own, must be signalized as a happy restoration, since conductors who have followed Weber in this country have adopted another, utterly opposed to it. The audience was so pleased, that they would fain have had two movements of the symphony, and the whole of the overture, again; but Herr Lindpaintner wisely declined to accede; and the concert, long enough in all conscience, was allowed to proceed uninterrupted to the end. We have rarely heard Herr Reichtart sing so well as in the beautiful air from Mozart's *Seraglio* (an opera so unaccountably neglected); the applause he obtained was thoroughly merited. Herr Staudigl, who

sang the clever and spirited *lied* of Herr Lindpaintner at a very short notice (*vice* Herr Pischek), must be praised for the skill and readiness with which he accomplished his task. The brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra* made an enlivening climax to a concert almost unexceptionably excellent, and one calculated to increase the already high reputation of the New Philharmonic Society.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

The superb character of the orchestra was finely displayed in the performance of the symphony and the overtures. It would be impossible to imagine any delivery of these great works more satisfactory. That the New Philharmonic band is entitled to a reputation of the highest kind has been proved before, but never more emphatically than now. The symphony was rendered with a decision and finish that cannot be too earnestly applauded; while the reading enforced by Herr Lindpaintner was chaste and unaffected. Every point of this great instrumental work was clearly elucidated, without resorting to any extravagancies of expression; and its poetical beauties were made as palpable to the imagination as its devices of art were to the understanding. Such performances as these will do much towards placing the New Philharmonic Society upon a sure foundation. So fine an orchestra, disciplined so perfectly, and conducted by a musician of such matured experience and judgment as Herr Lindpaintner, assumes a position of obvious pre-eminence, and we reckon its establishment as a fact not only of interest in itself, but of vital service to the popular extension of the art. The emulation which it must necessarily engender will tend to dissipate the exclusiveness which has but too much prevailed in the concerts of the mother institution; and the enterprise of Sir Charles Fox and his coadjutors in the good work entitles them on this, if on no other grounds, to the thanks both of the public and of the profession.

Such vast themes as Milton's *Paradise Lost* are ambitious ones for young composers to meddle with, though it must be admitted that Dr. Wyde has exhibited no little cleverness in his setting of the portions of the great epic which he has selected for illustration. The music of the first part of his work—all that was performed on this occasion—is divided into a series of recitatives and choruses, the former preponderating, relieved by a solo or two; the whole being confined to the early sections of the poem, which unfold the conspiracy of Satan and his diabolical adherents to thwart the designs of Heaven and inflict misery upon the new-born world. The similarity of the motive throughout, and the incessant alternation of apostrophe and narrative, suggest something like a sentiment of monotony, but the music unquestionably possesses merit. It sometimes owes its derivation to a memory evidently well stored with Mendelssohnian images; but it is always descriptive, and reflects the "great argument" with more or less vividness. The writing betrays knowledge and ingenuity; and many of the choral and instrumental points indicate either actual originality, or the effort to achieve it. The vocalists, Miss Louisa Pyne, Herr Staudigl, Mr. Lockey, Herr Hoezel, and Herr Reichtart, who were entrusted with the performance, exerted themselves diligently to present this long and elaborate "chapter" of narrative music under the best circumstances of detail, and they were thoroughly successful. All honour, in particular, is due to Miss Louisa Pyne, who declaimed a variety of trying recitatives with a breadth and vigour which cannot be too warmly extolled, this admirable singer being also encored in a solo, "For spirits when they please," the delicate and graphic tourne of which is quite as original as it is charming. Dr. Wyde, who is immediately connected with the management of the society, conducted the performance himself, and he was recognised by the audience with all the respect due to a native artist of zeal, perseverance, and accomplishment.

The pianoforte concerto found its way into the programme in consequence of the recent incredible mandate of the Old Philharmonic directors to exclude the works of their brother director, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, from their concert schemes. The particulars of this contemptible affair we have already published. It seems that the matter has aroused the indignation of the profession at large to a considerable extent, partly because one of our most respected English composers has been unworthily treated, and partly because a young English pianist of growing fame has been—just as unwar-

thily—involved in the ostracism. But the director of the Old Philharmonic gets the hearing at the New Philharmonic which he is denied elsewhere, and hence the performance of Mr. Sterndale Bennett's concerto last night. The circumstances connected with this pretty business have been the theme of much acrimonious comment for some weeks past, and the demonstration which took place last night when Miss Arabella Goddard entered the orchestra to play the concerto in question occasioned but little surprise. The audience received her with a prolonged and enthusiastic welcome, and some minutes elapsed before she could address herself to the task in hand. We have recently had more than one opportunity of dilating on the extraordinary attainments of this young lady as a pianist, and her playing last night but further justified the eulogies which have been, on all sides, expressed. The concerto though the composition of Mr. Sterndale Bennett when only seventeen or eighteen years of age, demands, as is well known to all classical musicians, consummate executancy, and none but the most powerful and the most adroit of fingers dare encounter it. These are qualifications belonging in a singular degree to Miss Arabella Goddard; and superbly did she manifest them last night. Her interpretation of the concerto, undertaken, as is her wont, without the notes, was a triumph in every respect too worthy a union of intelligence and mechanical skill to be passed over without special mention. The applause bestowed on the player, no less than on the music played, was rapturous. Circumstances had probably led the way, in some measure, to this generous display of feeling; but it was at least gratifying to find that a deliberate piece of unfairness could be so suggestively and emphatically resented by an audience of upwards of two thousand persons.

Herr Fischek, whose name was originally announced as one of the principal vocalists, did not appear, in consequence, we are informed, of a bronchial affection; but his place was amply supplied by Herr Staudigl, who sang throughout the evening with great excellence.

(*From the Daily News.*)

Our musical readers will perceive that the novelty of this concert was Dr. Wylde's "Music to Milton's Paradise Lost," which occupied nearly the whole of the first part. It was, as we were informed by the book of the words, the first part of a great work founded on Milton's poem; this first part embracing the rebellion of the angels, their expulsion from heaven and downfall, their consultations and conspiracy to destroy the happiness of man, then newly created. On seeing the announcement of this work, it struck us that the subject was not fitted for musical treatment; and this opinion was not changed by hearing it, though it unquestionably does honour to Dr. Wylde's attainments as a composer. The abode of the fallen angels, and their infernal conclave, are entirely out of the domain of musical description or expression. Milton's most sublime language has the effect of raising vague images of something immeasurably vast and awful; but the power of those images on the mind lies in their very vagueness. Whenever the poet becomes too distinct and detailed in his pictures, even Pandemonium assumes a familiar aspect, and the great Spirit of Evil, with his myriads of ministers, dwindle into an army of human giants. The addition of music only makes this worse. It seems merely childish to describe the sights and sounds of Hell by the conventional noises of an orchestra, and to make Satan, Beelzebub, and Moloch carry on their debates in recitative, air, and duet. There are many parts of the "Paradise Lost" which furnish the finest possible subjects for music; but these diabolical portions are certainly not among them. Setting aside, however, these considerations—though we are convinced that the subject of the first part of Dr. Wylde's work will be an obstacle to its success—there are many things in the music which are deserving of high praise. Dr. Wylde's style is unaffected; his melodies flow easily, and sometimes with considerable grace; his harmony is pure and remarkably free from modern German crudities. In the choruses his counterpoint is generally plain and simple; we remarked only one fugued movement, in the chorus, "They heard, and were abashed," where a second subject, at the words "Nor did they not perceive," is introduced and treated in a masterly manner. The

most attractive passage in the work is an air, "Andante con moto," to the words, "For spirits, when they please," &c., a charming melody, accompanied by the corno inglese with a brilliant figure for the violins. This was admirably sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, and vehemently encored. There is a well-written duet, "If thou be'st he, but oh, how fallen," which would have an excellent effect if the singers were two human beings, instead of being Satan and Beelzebub. On the whole, we repeat that the work does honour to Dr. Wylde's talents; and we expect more unmixed pleasure when he brings forward those parts of his subject which are better fitted for musical treatment.

The performance of Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in C minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard, was a musical treat of the very highest order. The concerto itself is too well known to require eulogy; it is worthy to be a companion to the finest works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn; but the young performer is only commencing a career which promises to be of unsurpassed brilliancy. In strength and richness of tone, rapidity of finger, clear articulation, and finished execution of the most complicated passages, she already rivals the best performers of the day. She plays with warmth and feeling, and shows the judgment and intelligence of an experienced artist. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm excited by her performance.

The rest of the concert does not call for much remark. The scene from Glück's "Iphigenia in Aulis," though beautiful, and extremely well sung by Staudigl, produced no effect. The very excellence of Glück's music, in a dramatic sense, unfitts it for the concert room. To be enjoyed, its subject must be understood, and its meaning enforced by the action of the stage. Mendelssohn's glorious symphony was performed in a manner which did high honour to the orchestra and its able conductor, Herr Lindpaintner. The overtures, too, were played with great fire.

The hall was quite full in every part.

FOOD FOR FETIS'S BIOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE.

We have received the following very modest communication from Dr. Bexfield, which we have much pleasure in submitting to the consideration of M. Fetis through the pages of the *Musical World* :—

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

12, Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London.

MY DEAR SIR,—In accordance with the request made in last Saturday's *Musical World*, I forward you my Biography for your friend M. Fetis or M. De Glijmes. Should a written one be preferred, I can supply you! but perhaps after all my fame is not sufficient to be chronicled in M. Fetis's chapters? If, however, you think I may appear in the work of the great Frenchman (*and therefore to all the world*) the enclosed biography is at your "united service," and if you like to add anything to it, Amen!

Yours, respectfully,

W. R. BEXFIELD.

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

DR. BEXFIELD.

This talented composer is one of the most rising men in the existing world of music. He was born at Norwich (the birth-place of Dr. Crotch), the 27th of April, 1824. His inclination for the musical art was at a very early age manifested by the ease with which he attained a certain mastery of the flute and double-flageolet; and by the aid alone of Cramer's Instruction Book, he became a pianoforte player.

When little more than eleven years old, he surprised his friends by producing an anthem in eight parts, without any assistance. The organist and precentor were so struck with the work of the precocious musician, that they determined upon having it rehearsed by the choir, the little white-surpiced singing boy who had written it, being invited to perform the organ part, which he did to admiration.

Even while yet occupying the position of a choir-boy, he was occasionally called forth to perform the service, when the absence

of the organist made a substitute necessary. His voice ranged from C in the bass clef to A altissimo, or four octaves within two notes.

At seventeen, he played Bach's pedal fugues, with effect and precision; and deeming that a composer for the orchestra should be experimentally acquainted with the nature and properties of every instrument for which he proposes to write, he gave a portion of his attention to the trombone, trumpet, and even the drums (upon all of which he performed publicly at the Norwich Concerts), and subsequently prosecuted the study of the violin.

On the expiration of his articles with Mr. Buck, he, being then twenty-one years of age, was elected, from among many competitors, organist to the parish church of Boston, remarkable for its fine organ. During the same year, he published his eight chorales for voices and organ. The yet freshly-lamented Mendelssohn, writing to the author, declares, "In your chorales and concert fugues, there is nothing but what I consider good, and thoroughly musician-like!"

In the same year, he graduated (Mus. Bac.) at Oxford. The exercise which he made on taking his degree, contained a strict Canon in five real parts. On this occasion, he received an unwanted testimonial, in a letter from Dr. Crotch, the examiner, complimenting him on the merit of his performance. Since this event, he has published his concert fugues for the organ. These were played during the Great Exhibition, to the listening thousands who thronged the aisles of the Palace of Glass; and have been played, on numerous other occasions, with the greatest approbation. The fugue in E was written when the author was seventeen. To his intense practice, during this period especially, is due that extraordinary power of improvisation, in which he seems scarcely to be excelled by any living performer.

In 1847, appeared his "Six Songs" (which caused him to be spoken of as "the Poet Musician"), and the following year he won a prize for a church anthem, against a host of competitors. But, with the shadow of coming greatness upon him, he felt that the metropolis was his destined sphere, and, renouncing his provincial engagements, he declared himself a candidate for the post of organist at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. In the contest, Mr. Vincent Novello decided for him, in opposition to the rival claims of no less than thirty-five candidates. It is worthy of remark, that throughout the contest he played entirely from memory, without the aid of notes. About this time he published a collection of pieces, under the title of "Musica di Camera;" and, not long afterwards (at the age of twenty-four), took the degree of Mus. Doc., his exercise being a Sacred Cantata in 10 movements, concluding with a *Strict Canon* in 8 real parts, with full orchestral accompaniments.

We next meet with him as the author of a volume of "Church Anthems," which now form part of the sacred répertoire of most of our Cathedrals. In the early part of 1850, he was invited to read a course of six lectures, at the London Institution (Finsbury Circus). The notes of these lectures are now in our hands, and may afford us matter for future remark. In the same year, he married a daughter of J. B. Millington, Esq., a solicitor, in extensive practice in Boston. At a rather later period his "Death of Hector" obtained the prize of ten guineas offered by the Huddersfield Glee Club for the best serious glee, Sir H. Bishop being the adjudicator. He is now engaged upon a work of an elaborate character, under the title of "Miscellaneous Pieces," of which two numbers have already appeared.

His great work is the oratorio of "Israel Restored," a work destined, no doubt, to hold a lasting place amongst classical productions. This oratorio was performed at Norwich last autumn, with complete success, before an audience amounting to two thousand persons. On this occasion, Dr. Bexfield's *perfect* command of all the resources of the orchestra shone conspicuous, depending upon his knowledge, not only of the peculiarities of the various instruments, but also of *their respective fingering*. "His parts," says a contemporary critic, "lie well, and, therefore, tell well." He puts all his *matériel* in requisition. The horns and trombones he uses with great freedom and as much judgment. "There are no unseemly gaps in his score; something is always going on in due subordination to the leading subject." As a con-

ductor, "he uses his baton," it was rather smartly said, "for the benefit of the band and chorus who want it; not for the edification of the audience who do not." In the sequel of the performance of the oratorio at Norwich, a subscription was set on foot to present the author with a piece of plate.

The managers of the New Sacred Harmonic Society, Liverpool, have determined upon the production of "Israel Restored" next winter, with a band and chorus of 600 performers. The rare instances of English composers taking rank in the highest style of composition, are still sufficient to inspire the student with energy in the study of the severe classical style, which, though it may not be so immediately lucrative as the rapid fabrication of variations upon polkas, is the only sure road to a lasting musical renown.

Also we have received the following brief sketch, which we lay at the pen of the author of the *Biographie Universelle* :

JOSEPH THOMAS COOPER, of London, pianist and composer, was born in London, May 25, 1819; he received his musical education under the able guidance of Mr. W. H. Holmes (of the Royal Academy of Music in London), and Ignace Moscheles. Mr. Cooper has published several pianoforte compositions, and single songs; and has produced various works for full orchestra which are in MS. He is an associate of the Philharmonic Society, and a member of the Society of British Musicians. Mr. Cooper has delivered lectures on the science of music at the Bank of England Institute, and elsewhere; and has received the honour of being a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

The words by H. W. LONGFELLOW. The music by J. L. HATTON.

Sung by HEER BRANDT.

Beside the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare—his matted hair
Was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
The lordly Niger flow'd;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen,
Among her children stand;
They clasp'd his neck—they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand;
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the fierce hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumin'd the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken, and thrown away

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances since last Thursday have been confined to the *Lucrezia Borgia*, with the addition of an act of the *Barbiere* on Thursday. We have nothing to add to what we have already advanced. The opera throughout wants only an Alboni to render it one of the most complete performances on record. Madlle. Nantier Dediée, the new contralto—who is no contralto—is not an Alboni; but she is a good steady singer, and improves with the public. To Madlle. Nantier Dediée, however, we would proffer one word of advice, viz.: let her think of other persons besides the audience. Let her bear in mind that there are actors on the stage who have something to do with what she has to do; that the boxes, pit, and galleries are not all that are to be appealed to. Our readers will appreciate our advice better when we inform them that Mademoiselle Nantier Dediée is in the habit, when she is singing, of advancing to the footlights, turning her back entirely to the actors, and addressing the audience as if she were making a speech particularly and solely devoted to them—and this, even when the business requires she should mingle words and action with those on the scene. All illusion is destroyed thereby, the auditors appealed to are not flattered, and nothing is gained. Let Mademoiselle Nantier Dediée study any of her fellow artistes, she will learn to do better. She is a good singer, an adroit and tolerable actress, easy and unconstrained, and knows her business thoroughly, bating the exception we have just made. Nevertheless, the fair contralto is no contralto, as we have said before.

To-night the much-talked of *Rigoletto*, by young Verdi—who is no longer young—will be produced. From all papers, and by all rumours, we are authorised in believing that *Rigoletto* is one of Verdi's masterpieces. Be this as it may, the subject is a fine and interesting one, as those who have read Victor Hugo's celebrated tragedy must be aware. Besides, Ronconi plays *Rigoletto*, a great performance as we learn, and Mario also has an important acting and singing part. This is good for Verdi, and for the success of the opera. Mario and Ronconi together would render less interesting music than that of Verdi more than tolerable. Madame Bosio plays the heroine, and Mademoiselle Nantier Dediée has a part. The cast, therefore, could hardly be stronger. The music is published by Messrs. Boosey and Sons.

HOW VERDI COMPOSES.

When Verdi has an opera to compose, he waits patiently until the midnight bell has tolled. He then enters his study, in which there is a piano placed between a big drum and cymbals, and seating himself at the piano, he first bangs the drum on the right hand, then crashes the cymbals on the left hand, then thumps the piano in the midst, and while the air is reverberating with the mingled sounds, he commences the first chorus. This is the way Verdi composes. Can anybody have a doubt on the subject?

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Friday week last M. Regnier made his bow for the first time this season to an elegant and select audience, who were delighted to see him, if we may judge from the three rounds of hearty applause which greeted his appearance on the stage. His reception was enthusiastic; for the public of the French

plays, it was astounding. Decidedly M. Regnier is a general favourite, and we may add deservedly so. He belongs to that genuine school of comedy in the Rue de Richelieu, which has been as it were the nursery of both the comic and tragic muses, and has produced such an infinite number of great artists of both sexes in every department. We have heard innumerable complaints of the low ebb to which the legitimate drama is reduced in England, and many and various causes have been urged to account for this deplorable state of things—we have heard the prejudice of the English in favour of foreigners, adduced as a reason by some individuals more patriotic than clear-sighted; others attribute this decline of the English drama to the indifference of the public, to the habits of the nation, to the late dinner hour, to the shortness of the London season, to the want of patronage of the Government, to the free-trade in theatricals, to a thousand other reasons equally conclusive, and which have each and all some account of truth in them; but which may be every one dismissed as unsatisfactory by a dispassionate view of the subject. We ourselves will answer all such complaints in a very few words—by simply drawing an analogy between the different plans of operations pursued on this and that side of the water. Generally, in England an actor takes to the profession when he is totally unfit, either from want of talent or from sheer idleness, for the profession in which he has originally been brought up. And what we now say for the drama will apply to music in every respect. He enters on his career as an actor without any previous training, he can neither pronounce nor understand, much less deliver intelligibly the author's words, and he has a thorough contempt for English grammar, and prosody in the abstract. He mouths and vapours, smirks and smiles, drawls or precipitates, according to his untutored conception, which is almost invariably a wrong one, of the part entrusted to him; his action is fixed and unnatural, he can neither walk, nor run, nor stand still on the stage; he has no idea of the bye play necessary to fill up the intervals of silence or repose, so that when he has nothing to say he fancies that he has nothing to do. So much for English actors; but the fault is not entirely theirs—we have a few words to say both to authors and managers: the latter having got rid of the intolerable nuisance of newspaper orders, have now the field entirely to themselves, and we should advise them to depend less on translations and adaptations, and encourage home-made wares, for as the drama professes to hold the mirror up to nature, it were absurd in us to expect that mirror, when we place before it a picture of French manners and habits, to reflect back the vices and foibles of English society. Such, however, is the plan you adopt, O managers, and you complain that your benches are empty! We would address the same advice to authors; instead of adapting—such is the cant word of these gentlemen—the ideas of Messieurs Scribe, Bayard, Legouvé, Musset, Cartouche de Wailly, Dumas, and numerous others to suit the public of the Haymarket, Adelphi, Lyceum, and Olympic, see if you have not a few ideas really and truly your own. We know that such men have been in England, to wit Shakespere, Sheridan, Colman, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and a host of others. These men were successful, why not you? We are persuaded some of you have the talent to originate, then why descend to borrow, nay even to borrow without acknowledging the obligation! *Proh pudor!* say we. In France things are done differently, there the stage is a profession, a previous education is required of the pretender to theatrical honours, he has to go

through a long preliminary training, his course of study embraces all that is necessary to develope both his physical and intellectual qualities, and if he really do evince superior talent, he is eventually received into that cenacle of the *Théâtre Francais* which combines the highest illustrations of dramatic literature. Such are the reflections which occurred to us on leaving the French plays, on the re-appearance of Monsieur Regnier among us, and which we now lay before our readers; we crave their indulgence for this short digression and return to our subject matter. The first piece is founded on a scene from an uncommonly pretty little novel by M. Henri Murger, entitled "*Le Bonhomme Jadin*." This gentleman is mostly known by his illustrations of French student life, and is, we believe, quite a novice in stage-writing. There is but little action or intrigue in the piece, and, in the hands of an inferior actor, would be considered as a very mediocre attempt; but M. Regnier infuses life into it, and keeps up the excitement from the rise to the fall of the curtain. He is admirable as the old man, who lives in his recollections of the past, and constitutes himself the friend and protector of a young couple who love each other but cannot manage to come to an understanding on the subject. Considerable merriment was excited by his relation of his first campaign, which is brought to his recollection by hearing the burthen of an old song played at a neighbouring *guinguette*. He fairly carried away the house with him. Nothing could be better than the assumption of *bonhomie* in his protection of the young couple, and his chuckling at the jealousy which he creates between them by his attentions to the fair *Jacqueline*. A more perfect picture we have never seen than that presented by M. Regnier as the *Bonhomme Jadin*, and we invite all who would enjoy a hearty laugh to go and see it. Mdlle. Fleury played the part of Jacqueline very prettily; this lady improves much on acquaintance, and acquits herself in the most satisfactory manner of the part allotted to her. Marivaux' piece of *Les yeux de l'Amour et du Hazard* followed, and was remarkable, from the appearance of Madame Brohan in a new part, which we think better adapted to her line than that in which she first appeared before the English public. We must make large allowances for the difference of manners of the period at which the play was written and our own matter-of-fact times. We have no time, nor indeed patience, to spin out or listen to sentiment so distilled and elaborated; yet we can fancy the delight of the *marquis*, the *chevaliers*, the *petites maîtres*, and the *petites maîtresses* of the latter days of Louis the Fifteenth's time, at this display of fine language and quintessence of passion. We fancy we behold a picture by Lanceret, Watteau, or Boucher, a moving and animated arcadia, such as they would have painted on a fan or a fire-screen, when we see a comedy of this description, and we are not inclined to be severe on the author; on the contrary, we own to a feeling of pleasure at the exhibition. The parts of Sylvia and Pasquin were admirably played by Mademoiselle Brohan and M. Regnier, and proved what the whole thing would have been, had the other actors been equally up to the mark. Mademoiselle Brohan confirmed the high opinion we have expressed of her talent; she was warmly applauded, as was M. Regnier, who played the valet as he alone could do.

STRAND.—Mr. Allcroft seems determined to find amusement for the million in some shape or manner. On Monday last, a new musical farce in one act, entitled *The Black Swan at Liverpool*, was presented for the first time, and made a decided hit. The scene is laid at a Liverpool Hotel,

where the Black Swan—Miss Featherstone, and her guardian Mr. Warren, who turns out to be her father, have taken up their quarters, and intend holding their first *révee*. Before doing so, the Black Swan is ushered into a reception room by the chamber-maid, Miss Ormond, who discovers that the Black Swan is in reality a white English lady, whereupon she rushes into the presence of the Black Swan's guardian, and informs him of her discovery; he bribes her to secrecy by giving her 500 dollars. In this scene, the Black Swan's guardian sings a very appropriate song on the taste of the English for the ridiculous. In the same hotel is a waiter, Mr. Fraser, who is in love with the chamber-maid, but being of an aristocratic bearing, he is dreadfully annoyed by her ungrammatical language; she tells him of being in possession of 500 dollars, but does not inform him how or where she got it—leaving plenty of scope for some fine bye-play between them, keeping the audience in one continued roar. In this scene, Miss Ormond sings a very well written parody on the nigger song, "Why did my master sell me," which was encored. The next scene is the *révee*, where a number of extraordinary names of persons are announced as visitors by the porter down-stairs, and repeated wrongly of course by the landlord, Mr. Rogerson, up-stairs. The Black Swan is then requested to sing, which she does, accompanying herself on the pianoforte in a very clever manner; her song was rapturously encored. After the song, and whilst receiving the congratulations of the company present, the prying chambermaid again makes an awkward mistake by screaming out, "The Black Swan, ladies and gentlemen, is not so black as the seems," and thereupon tears off the mask. The piece winds up with some first-rate hits upon the English taste for anything foreign, and their discarding native talent. The performers, one and all, were quite up to the mark—they played and sang well. Altogether this is one of the most successful and exhilarating farces that has been out for some time. The house was inconveniently crowded, and we have no doubt the farce will have a long run, and help to fill the coffers of the manager. *Macbeth* still draws well. Great praise is due to Mr. Allcroft for his indefatigable industry, and perseverance in catering so successfully for the public amusement. On Monday next will be performed a new operetta, is entitled *The Dream of the Irish Emigrant*. Moore's melodies will be introduced.

MARYLEBONE.—This day se'nnight *Hamlet* was given here, for the benefit of Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. Since Mr. Davenport came to this country, five years ago, he has been gradually rising in public estimation, and has played, by turns, in every branch of the drama (save only in some few characters in the highest walk of tragedy), with a success which has unquestionably displayed an unusual combination of excellence and versatility. In his present attempt, he shall be his own critic. In a short address, at the fall of the curtain, (an American custom with *beneficiaires*) he observed that he had undertaken this, the most difficult and arduous character in the whole range of the drama, with diffidence and mistrust; and this was, in fact, the general impression conveyed by his performance, which, if not one of the best, was one of the most even and carefully studied delineations of the part we remember to have witnessed, and was, moreover, full of promise of a high degree of future excellence. Mr. Davenport's chief defect was that the bursts of sustained indignation, which form the key to the character, lacked the towering energy absolutely necessary to the true and proper idea of Hamlet. In the quieter phases of the character, the actor's success was more decided. The

soliloquies were impressively delivered, and the passages of wit and humour, as well as all the colloquial ones, were given with their due and pungent vitality. In Hamlet's first scene with Ophelia, some of Shakespeare's commentators have charged the Prince with rudeness to her in his wayward denunciations of her sex; nor can it be denied that the majority of Hamlet's representatives make his demeanour to Ophelia, in this scene, more like that of a moody and ill-mannered coxcomb, insulting the woman who loves him with false and ridiculous insinuations, than that of the chivalrous young prince and humanist uttering the dreamy and painful abstractions of a morbid imagination. Mr. Davenport skilfully avoided the error, by retaining in his manner some of the abstraction of the previous soliloquy, and by carefully avoiding all violence of tone and gesture. This alone was enough to show, what indeed his whole performance proved, that he had studied the part with freedom and integrity. Miss Fanny Vining made a very pretty and graceful Ophelia. The part requires an unusual degree of self-possession: her prolonged action over the supposititious grave of her father, was fresh and natural.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JULLIEN.

The life of a man so enterprising and successful as Jullien cannot fail to offer many incidents calculated to excite interest and reflection. So large a part of his prosperous career has been accomplished in Great Britain, that, on the eve of his departure for the United States, a brief account of the artist and his achievements, from boyhood to manhood, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Musical World*. The author of these pages has had opportunities of knowing Jullien intimately through a long course of years; and is, moreover, in possession of documents which enable him to give a tolerably accurate, if not a very circumstantial, history of one whose speculations have caused, at different epochs, an equally universal attention in the two foremost capitals of Europe; and who, it cannot be denied, has had a more than ordinary influence in training the masses to appreciate, and even to sympathise with the highest order of instrumental music. It is no exaggeration to assert that Jullien has been the means of introducing some of the masterpieces of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great orchestral composers, to hundreds of thousands of persons, ~~who~~ who, but for him, might for ever have remained strangers to them, or at least ~~have been~~ been indifferent to their transcendent merits. Had he done no more than this, he would have deserved and won a chapter in the annals of music.

Jullien must be regarded as a public benefactor, in two distinct lights. First—as has been suggested, he has materially helped the progress of music by diffusing among the masses a taste for what is most elevated and admirable in that beautiful and civilising art. Second—he has recreated the public with an entertainment, not less innocent than attractive, on a scale of charges unprecedented for moderation. During the many years he has amused and delighted the crowds of London, and the other great cities of the empire, Jullien has never once deceived his patrons, never once promised what he failed to accomplish. Of how many directors and caterers can this be said? There is, nevertheless, no surer means of acquiring and preserving a good name than unswerving fidelity to pledges and engagements, no surer way of winning and guarding popularity than by accustoming the public to good faith, and thereby justifying its unreserved confidence. This has been

one of Jullien's great secrets. On this, as much as on his talents as a musician and a speculator, ~~he~~ the high place he has so long maintained (and is likely to maintain, until he retires into private life) in the estimation of the British public. John Bull insists, more than upon anything else, upon the rigid performance of promises. You may amuse him ever so well, yet, once or twice be found wanting in this particular, and he will leave you to your fate. This is the natural characteristic of a "nation of shopkeepers." The spirited Frenchman was just the man to meet the views of John Bull. He promised largely, but he kept his word. He vaunted the attractions of his establishment; but his vaunt, unlike an empty boast, was fully sanctified by results. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The inhabitants of our unwieldy metropolis, hungry for amusement, ate of Jullien's pudding, found it good, came again to ask for more, and found it better—and so on, better and better, year after year, for thirteen years ~~more~~ and upwards.

Jullien came to London "in the nick of time." The public ~~were~~ getting tired of the operas at Drury Lane, and longed for some other means of relaxation. The gardens were shut in the winter, and it was of no use going to Vauxhall, or the Surrey (Cremorne was yet unborn). The public craved for novelty; there had been no actual excitement since Malibran—except the Italian Opera, then the exclusive arena of dandies and lions of the first water (the Royal Italian Opera was not dreamt of). The public craved for novelty, and yet was ignorant of what it craved for. Jullien came, and found the public hungry. Having quitted his native country for political reasons, he selected London for the beginning of a new career. The man of courage and undoubted will was shown in this; the man of invention and of enterprise was manifested shortly after. Jullien found the London public hungry—hungry for amusement. He reflected, and, in an incredibly short time after his arrival—before he understood a word of English, or had contracted a single acquaintance—he had pitched upon an expedient. What that expedient was, how gradual, and ultimately unexampled, was its success, will be recorded in ~~a~~ proper place.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC AT DUNDEE AND PERTH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

We have had a "Grand Musical Festival" here during the last week. You and your readers may not dislike to hear of it. The Oratorio of the *Messiah* has been given in Dundee and in Perth, complete, which never happened before, but I have little doubt will soon happen again. The musical talent of Dundee and Perth combined to give their townsmen an opportunity of hearing at their own door, that sublime production of musical genius, and the aristocracy of the neighbourhood aided as they could by giving their patronage and support. The *Messiah* was given in Dundee, on Thursday evening, and in Perth on Saturday morning, and a miscellaneous concert of Friday evening in Dundee. Great numbers residing in both towns and in the neighbourhood attended the whole, and all seemed much delighted. On the three occasions the choruses were rendered in a very effective manner by the Dundee Choral and Perth Philharmonic societies, which reflect the highest credit on Messrs. Helmore and Pearman, their able conductors. These gentlemen may justly feel proud of having trained a chorus that can so well compare with the older and more favoured ones in the larger

provincial towns of England, for none we think in Scotland can be set by the side of our combined societies. Most of the solos were well sustained by professional vocalists from a distance, Misses Rainforth and Cruise and Mr. E. Galer; Mr. Helmore himself, for want of a better, taking the principal basso. Miss Rainforth sang her part correctly and with good effect, and seemed to feel what she sang, though her voice seems to have suffered from over-exertion. Miss Cruise has but a thin voice, but she manages it to the best advantage. I liked her singing "He shall feed his flock," and "He was despised." Mr. E. Galer's voice is a very pure and rich tenor. He knows its power and manages it well, but I fear he was not quite at home in the *Messiah*. I have heard him to greater advantage. The choruses were all well sung and the orchestra very efficient, though not large. I particularly liked the choruses "Unto us a Child is born" and the "Hallelujah." The former was executed with great delicacy and precision, while the forte was given in a most striking and powerful manner. It may be mentioned that there were in all about 200 performers. The audience, a great portion of whom had never heard an entire oratorio before, seemed very much pleased; many indeed, like a friend of ours, who says—these three days were the happiest in his whole life. The programme on Friday, consisted of selections from the *Messiah*, *Jephtha*, *Samson*, *Creation*, and *Elijah*, &c. We cannot specify all the items. The splendid trio from *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes," I liked very much. The audience would undoubtedly have honoured the performers with an encore, had not the place hindered; the concert was in a chapel. The ability of the choir was well shewn in the excellent old Motet of Farrant—"Lord remember David," which was beautifully and very correctly sung. The audience seemed much pleased with Miss Rainforth's very chaste and musician-like singing of "Let the bright seraphim," and the very tasteful execution of the trumpet obligato by Mr. E. Harper. The performance of the *Messiah* at Perth, on Saturday, was very creditable, though we think the chorus suffered much both in power and accuracy of execution from the absence of so many of the Dundee society, especially the treble. We have had a truly "Grand Musical Festival;" yet, can it be credited, professing christians have been circulating tracts to deter people from going to hear the *Messiah* sung as a polluting of time, and even friends threatening to have no more connections with those who would defile themselves with such a foul contamination as hearing the sublimest music sung in an efficient manner. Oh, persecution! Oh, priestcraft, thou art not yet dead! Scotland is musically far behind, how can it be otherwise, while as it were the budding of musical taste is thus attempted to be swept by sanctimonious pharisaicalism.

J. R.

Original Correspondence.

REUNION DES ARTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

76, Harley Street, May 11th, 1853.

SIR.—I am requested to forward to you a copy of a minute which will explain the views of the Committee of the "Réunion des Arts," with regard to a letter of Mr. French Flowers, inserted in the *Musical World* of May 7th:—

"That no non-subscriber be admitted to the soirées of the Society without special invitation; and that any persons presenting themselves without such invitation be dealt with as intruders in a private house."

The insertion of the above in your next impression will serve at

once as an answer to Mr. Flowers' letter, and as a guide to all who may be under a false impression as to the private nature of the society.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
AUGUSTUS F. WESTMEATH, Chairman.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Were it not that the remarks of Mr. Flowers, in your last week's impression, were calculated to mislead your readers as regards the society to which he alludes, his letter might pass unnoticed. The Réunion des Arts, as it at present exists, is so differently constituted to the society of last year, that there can be said to be no resemblance between the two, excepting that the title assumed by both is the same. It is hoped by those who have undertaken the management of the new society, that it will promote friendly intercourse, and an exchange of ideas among artists of the different professions, to attain which object every care has been taken to make the meetings of the members most exclusive.

Of this fact Mr. Flowers was made aware at the last Soirée when as an unbidden guest, he was shown the door. It is self-evident that Mr. Kialmark evinced more respect for Mr. Flowers in restraining from ejecting him in a more summary manner, than that gentleman did for himself when he entered the house of strangers upon the chance of being turned out.

Yours obediently,
WILLERT BRALE, Hon. Sec.

Edinburgh, May 11th, 1853.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

My dear Sir,—Permit me through your medium to make one or two inquiries.

Who is Mr. Kialmark? Mr. French Flowers says he is a well known teacher of music! Is that the fact? From his insolence to Mr. F. F. at the "Réunion des Arts" I should rather imagine him a teacher of the noble art of self-defence! *Am I right?* 'Tis consoling to know that all the directors of the "Réunion" are not so ill-behaved as Mr. K. By the way, *Is he a director?* or only one placed in the menial office to do unpleasant work? Could you inform me if I am right in the supposition that Mr. K. had not recovered from the whirl of a waltz, and that his brain was a little confused when he attacked Mr. Flowers; or was the grape too plentiful at the "Réunion"? I hope Mr. K. will be gentlemanly enough to appologise to Mr. Flowers for such unwarrantable conduct! 'Twas very ill-becoming a professor of the divine art!

In haste. Believe me, dear Mr. Editor,

Ever sincerely yours,
INQUIRE.

Birmingham, May 12, 1853.

COMPOSITION versus ADAPTATION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Manchester, May 9th, 1853.

SIR.—Perceiving that you have inserted in last week's *Musical World* a paragraph copied from the *Manchester Courier* of the previous week, and which paragraph called for a reply, I shall esteem it a favour if you will also insert the following letter, which I addressed to the Editor of that paper, and which appeared in the *Courier* of Saturday last, and oblige yours,

R. ANDREWS.

BRIDGEWATER GLEE CLUB.

(To the Editor of the Manchester Courier.)

SIR.—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your last Saturday's paper, relative to the Bridgewater Glee Club, at which Mr. Wm. Shore's glee, "O Willie brew'd" was sung; and relative to this composition, the remarks made on "Mr. Shore's adaptation of 'O Willie brew'd' was sung." And again, "Of Mr. Shore's adaptation, the chairman related that his brother, when in Wales recently, was surprised to hear it sung in the language of the

ancient Cymri; and on inquiry he found that a clergyman having heard it, and been so much pleased with it, he translated the words into Welch, and adapted the arrangement in those particulars that required it; a compliment to a very old piece of music, and to Mr. Shore's use of it." Now, Sir, to say the least of it, this is taking away merit in musical composition where it is justly due, namely, to Mr. William Shore; for the old melody known in Scotland as "O Willie brew'd," is altogether different to the melody Mr. Shore has composed (not adapted) to Burns' words, and the great popularity of Mr. Shore's composition "O Willie brew'd" as a glee and chorus, is too well known and admitted to need further comment, excepting so far as to uphold his right to the credit of the composition, which the remarks alluded to have called for, and which, in justice, you will favor me by inserting this letter in next Saturday's *Courier*, as I beg to say not any three notes in succession are the same in the old Scotch air as that which bears Mr. Shore's name, and which, in fact, is his composition, written in imitation of the Scotch style and character, but altogether his own melody.

I remain, yours, respectfully,

R. ANDREWS.

34, St. Ann's Street, Manchester.

BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—As a lover of musical and all other elevation, allow me to suggest Butler's "Hudibras" (on account of its harmonious versification), as an excellent subject (as it now stands) for a comic opera.

Yours, &c.,
BENEMOTT.

P.S. Dr. Wynde's magnificent setting of Milton's sweet and melodious *Paradise Lost*, suggested the above bright idea.

Reviews of Music.

"LONG TOSS'D UPON THE HEAVING WAVE; OR, SAILOR'S HOME."—Written by Mr. J. Barry; composed by Richard Frederick Harvey.—S. J. Pigott, Dublin.

The first bars of this song are reminiscent of Hodson's "Oh, give me but my Arab steed," which were reminiscent of Rossini's "Di si felice innesto," (finale to the *Barbiere di Siviglia*), but the rest is fairly Mr. Harvey's own. The whole makes a very effective and spirited nautical ballad, and serves well to show off to high advantage a good thorough baritone voice, or a bass voice of pith. The words are sad, sorrowing, bold, hopeful, and highly complimentary to Greenwich Hospital. *Vide* last verse line 6:

"His country rears a dome."

Mr. Harvey's ballad deserves to become popular, and, if known, would attain an immense height of favouritism.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

The 20th Annual General Meeting of the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society was held at Exeter Hall, on Friday, 6th May, Mr. Harrison, the President of the Society, in the Chair. There was a full attendance of Members.

The Secretary, Mr. Brewer, read the Report of the Committee, from which the following particulars are abstracted:

The number of Members and Subscribers at the several quarterly periods of the year has been as follows:—

At Lady Day	613
" Midsummer	662
" Michaelmas	658
" Christmas	750

The number of Concerts in last year was nineteen, a number which, with the exception of the Exhibition year, 1851, has never been exceeded, and has only twice, and at distant intervals, been equalled in any one

year. Of these nineteen performances, twelve were Subscription Concerts, which is a larger number than was given in any of the five preceding years. The number of Subscription Concerts, as stated in the last Annual Report, has usually been ten.

In the Concerts of last year ten distinct works were produced, amongst which were two that were performed by the Society for the first time, namely, Spohr's "Calvary," and Mendelssohn's "Christus"; and with regard to the former of these, the Committee have the gratification of recording that the performance was attended by the gifted and venerable composer of the work, Dr. Spohr, whom it will be remembered the Society has the honour of ranking amongst its Honorary Members, and who had not until this occasion been in this country since he visited it at the invitation of the Society, to conduct three performances of his works in July 1847.

Of the other works performed last year, two, viz., Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and his "Athalie," had not been performed for three years; Spohr's "Last Judgment" had been two years unperformed; and the remaining works, "Elijah," "Samson," "Israel in Egypt," "Creation," and "Messiah" were included in the list of the year before the last.

Some months back, the Committee availed themselves of an opportunity which offered itself for acquiring on behalf of the Society the copyright and exclusive right of performance of Spohr's Oratorio "Calvary," as adapted to English words by Professor Taylor, which not only enabled them to realize the desire which had been long entertained for the Society to perform that work, but also to extend the knowledge of it by a great dispersion of copies amongst those who were capable of appreciating its merits, but had hitherto had but little acquaintance with it.

Being anxious to afford every possible facility for the study of the work by persons in the Society, the Committee offered to every Member, Assistant, and Subscriber, the opportunity of being furnished with the vocal score of the Oratorio, bound in cloth (originally published at 30s.) at the comparatively small cost of 6s. 6d.; and the Committee have much satisfaction in stating that the number of copies thus subscribed for in the Society was nearly 600.

As a stock of about 140 copies still remain on hand, the Committee take this opportunity of announcing to those Members, Assistants, and Subscribers who have not yet possessed themselves of the work, or who may desire to have additional copies, that for the present the opportunity continues for their doing so, at the same low rate of subscription.

The account for the year ending at Christmas last, have, at the request of the Committee, been carefully examined and audited as usual by three of the Members, who were nominated at the last annual General Meeting, viz.:—Mr. G. Bagster, Mr. H. Henderson, and Mr. W. O. Strong. From the abstract which has been signed by these gentlemen, and which is appended to this Report, it appears that the aggregate Receipts and Payments of the year were as follows, viz.:—

	£ s. d.
Receipts	6,252 4 1
Payments	6,099 11 2
Balance in hand	<u>£152 12 11</u>

The termination of the twentieth year of the Society's operations appears to present an allowable opportunity for stating some few general results, and for comparing the present state of Musical art in the metropolis with what it was at the time of the Society's establishment.

In drawing their Report to a conclusion, the Committee cannot deny themselves the pleasure of expressing the gratification which they have experienced in witnessing the spontaneous and cordial movement now in progress in the Society for presenting to Mr. Bowley, the Honorary Librarian, some enduring token of the high estimation in which his varied and invaluable services to the Society and to musical art generally, are held by those who can most fitly appreciate his remarkable devotedness, and his zealous and efficient exertions for a period of eighteen years past.

This Committee have often had occasion to point out in their Reports the peculiar obligations under which the Society lay to Mr. Bowley, and now that so large a proportion of the Members, Subscribers, Assistants, Stewards, and Friends of the Society have concurred in adopting a series of resolutions expressive of similar sentiments, and of their desire to offer him a suitable Testimonial of their gratitude and esteem, the Committee would not do justice to their feelings, if they did not take this opportunity of testifying their hearty concurrence in the object proposed, and their sincere hope and anticipation that the result will be such as will reflect honour alike upon the Society who bestows, and the individual who receives, so well merited a compliment.

MADAME LUCCI SIEVERS, the distinguished vocalist, has arrived from Paris for the season.

Provincial.

MANCHESTER.—A dress concert given in the Concert Hall on Monday evening, introduced Miss M. Williams and Mr. Lockey, the principal feature of the programme being Felicien David's ode symphony, "The Desert." We have before had occasion to speak in praise of this picturesque composition, and the impression of a former hearing was only confirmed on the present occasion, more particularly as the principals possessed higher artistic qualities. Mr. Lockey's delivery of the beautiful solo, "Oh! lovely night," was very characteristic, and the accompaniments, which are charming, did credit to the orchestra; though truth compels the remark that Mr. Hallé would add very considerably to the general merits of the performances if he could only induce a more subdued tone in the voice accompaniments. A want of this has latterly become more remarkable than creditable. Nothing could be more delightful than the singing of the small but select choir, throughout the whole performance of the ode. Occasional passages were there that we have never heard surpassed. It would be pleasant if we could extend similar praise to Professor Greenbank, in his delivery of the recitations. There was an attempt at doing too much, and more than once the effort almost approached the absurd. His whole style was out of character, as well with the place as with the music. To make up the usual limits of a concert there was a first part, consisting of a miscellaneous selection, in which we had some very fine compositions, as the names of Giardini, Mercadante, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, will confirm. The chorus of prisoners, from *Fidelio*, showed skilful training on the part of the choral master nor less so the "Dervish Chorus," from the *Ruins of Athens*. Both are masterpieces in writing, and had a large share of justice done them. Miss Williams was in fine voice, and sang the cavatina by Giardini, "Infelici," with great judgment; but it was evidently less to the taste of her audience than a ballad by Land, "Why art thou sad?" which met with an encore that rose to something like enthusiasm. The remark we have ventured to make in reference to the orchestra may be fairly applied to the accompaniment to Mozart's "O cara immagine," which completely overpowered the singing of Mr. Lockey. It was well played—full of the right spirit and character, but far too loud to give a fair chance to the subject. In the overture to *Euryanthe*, we were particularly struck with the adagio of stringed instruments. Altogether the concert may be pronounced as both pleasing and successful.—*Manchester Examiner, May 1.*

Ibid.—On Wednesday evening the first of a course of two lectures on "Musical Art in England," was delivered in the Library-hall of the Atheneum by Dr. Bexfield. The lecture was illustrated by Mrs. G. Holden, Mrs. Yarndley, Miss Long, Mrs. Brooke, Master Hall, Master Bradshaw, and Messrs. Edmondson, Brookes, Slater, Phillips, Walton, Ingham, Smith, Craig, Banning, Grundy, Archer, &c. There was a numerous audience, including a number of the pupils of the Blind Asylum. The lecturer commenced by showing that oratorios were originated by St. Philip, born near Rome in 1515, who, being offended at the small attendance at the churches, and the large attendance at the theatres during the Carnival, got the words of the most eminent bards of Italy set to music by celebrated composers, which, being performed at the places of worship, not only filled the churches, but emptied the theatres. Of all the composers of oratorios, Handel, like the ancient pyramids of Egypt, stood alone as the great and original monument of simple but noble invention. After dwelling on the merits of Handel as an organ-player, Dr. Bexfield alluded to the commemoration of Handel in 1784, at which there were no less than a thousand performers. Was it possible, he asked, to have another commemoration in the present day with fifteen hundred performers—a festival which should throw all ancient musical gatherings into the shade. Forty or fifty years ago Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was one of the most popular of his oratorios; but since then other works had supplied its place. Dr. Bexfield then referred to the works of Dr. William Crotch, whom he described as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of English composers, and quoted several interesting anecdotes respecting the genius which he displayed in his early years. Dr. Bexfield also read a letter from Dr. Crotch's son, who stated that he was preparing a memoir of his father, as all the published accounts of him

were more or less inaccurate. As an illustration of Dr. Crotch's works, his quartett from *Palestine*, "Lo, star-led chiefs," was sung by Mrs. Holden, and Messrs. Smith, Slater, and Brookes. Among the oratorios now heard in England, the *Creation* was one of the most popular, but Haydn's influence in music as an art had been less than by other great masters. The popularity of this oratorio seemed to depend upon its interesting subject. Of this oratorio Catalani gave her opinion in the following words:—"Hitherto the band has always accompanied me—now it seems that I am to accompany the band." To Haydn's *Seasons* the term oratorio had been misapplied, for in one part a young country squire was paying his attentions to a milkmaid with all the politeness of a Frenchman. At one time Mendelssohn was only known in England as a composer by his overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and other secular music; but the production of his oratorio, *Saint Paul*, in 1837, placed him at once as the foremost in the temple of Fame. Of this oratorio, the recitative and air, "And he journeyed," was given, the former by Mrs. Brookes, followed by another selection from the same—the chorus, "Stone him to death," which was sung with great effect. Dr. Bexfield next reviewed the works of Spohr. The *Last Judgment* was the best of his three oratorios; his *Crucifixion*, and *Fall of Babylon* also claimed our attention, although it did not abound in those simple but rich melodies, and that elaborate instrumentation so peculiar to this great master. After some observations on the importance and use of oratorio societies, Dr. Bexfield concluded his lecture by an illustration of Spohr's quartet and chorus, "Blest are the departed," from the *Last Judgment*, which was called for by the audience, and repeated.

DUBLIN.—On Friday and Saturday last the pupils of Mrs. and the Misses Allen gave their annual pianoforte concerts, at the Academy, 5, Gardner's Row, Rutland Square. The preparatory class sustained the first hour of the concert on Friday, by playing a selection of pretty progressive lessons, both as solos and in concert. Their perfect time was astonishing, and reflects the greatest credit on the system pursued to attain such an object. The selection of music performed by the more advanced classes comprised the best pianoforte compositions of the day; and in addition to the favourite overtures to *Semiramide* and *Zampa*, were added the celebrated overture to *Egmont* of Beethoven, and Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* (first time), which were given in good style. The other concerted pieces included Reis's "Triumphal March," Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "Reminiscences de Beethoven," "Homage à Schubert, No. 14," ("The postman's horn is sounding near,") Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," and some very pleasing military duets, by Logier, which were severally rendered with a correctness and precision scarcely to be expected from young ladies learning music merely for an accomplishment. The solo playing of several of the pupils fully developed the careful teaching bestowed upon the pieces selected for those concerts, as the greatest brilliancy and neatness of execution, together with that cantabile so often neglected, but so much prized, were all to be found united in the pieces given in the second part of the programme of each concert. The following were among the most admired solo compositions:—Thalberg's Serenade de *Don Pasquale*, and fantasia on Irish Airs; Blumenthal's caprice, *La Source*; Hummel's *La Bella Capriciosa*; Rossini's Soirées Musicales, *La Tarantella*, Liszt; Illustrations du *Prophète*, *Les Patineuses*, Liszt; Morceau de Salon, *La Truite*, Heller; Willmer's *Schnsucht am Meere*, *Au bord de la Mer*, fantaisie cantique, Quidant; "Les beaux Follets," Rosalie Thénar, Beyer's Irene and Agathe; Beyer's "Dearest, I think of thee;" *Les Hirondelles*, Streich; *Lucrezia Borgia*, Oesten; two duets, on Melodies de Pischek, by Chotek, and dedicated to Mrs. Allen's pupils, and Reis's celebrated trio for three pianofortes. The concerts were each day attended by a fashionable and discriminating audience, capable of appreciating the treat provided for them. The Misses Allen wound up the concerts by performing Czerny's grand concertante quartet, for four pianofortes, which always reminds one of some esteemed friend whom the oftener we see, the more we admire, but whom we see but once every year. The performance of the Misses Allen, we are sure, needs no comment; suffice it to say, in the present

instance, it was perfection, and fully compensated the company for remaining to a late hour.—*Evening Packet*.

GREENWICH.—Mr. Pond's annual Evening Concert took place in the Hall of the Literary Institution on Monday last, upon which occasion the following artistes were engaged, Misses Stabbach, Broughams, Rose Braham, Stuart, Wortley, and Warman; Messrs. George Tedder, Salabert, Jonghuans, and Barsham; pianoforte, Madame De Barry and Mr. W. G. F. Beale. The concert opened with the trio, "My lady the Countess," charmingly given by the Misses Brougham and Rose Braham; Miss Wortley sang a new song entitled "I well remember those bright days" with much expression and good execution, and was encored: this lady has a very superior organ, and will, we have no doubt, become one of our first vocalists. Mr. Barsham, in Benedict's "Rage thou angry storm," was everything that could be desired; it is a great pity this gentleman does not study the higher class of music, and not sing such songs as "The low-backed car," and others; his voice is in every way capable of doing great things. Miss Rose Braham, an immense favourite at Greenwich, was honoured by receiving the first encore. Topsy's song was not in the programme, but was loudly called for, Miss Braham giving it with all its Topsy-like embellishments; her other songs went equally well. Mr. Tedder sang very finely and was encored in all his songs. Miss Stabbach sung Glover's "Sweet May," with exquisite taste and great brilliancy; her other song, "Sweet home," which she has entirely made her own, was received with great applause. Signor Salabert was well received, and some of his songs, &c., showed him an artist in the strict sense of the term. The twin Syren sisters Brougham sang some of their delightful duets, in a very exquisite manner, and contributed in no small degree to the evening's amusement. Miss Warman sang Foley Hill's ballad "Ever of thee" charmingly, and was encored in "Weel may the keel row." The pianoforte solo of Madame de Barry was very nicely performed. Miss Lizzy Stuart sang the hackneyed "Annie Laurie," which she always does. The Hall was well attended. The name of Mr. Beale was put down as conductor, for what reason we cannot understand, as there was no band to conduct. The accompanists were Mr. Haskins, Mr. Beale, and Miss Elder.

Miscellaneous.

PRESENT TO MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.—When Miss Arabella Goddard entered the retiring room after her performance on Wednesday night, at the New Philharmonic, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, whose concerto she had played, presented her with a splendid gold bracelet, as a token of admiration, for her magnificent interpretation of his work.

VAUXHALL GARDENS will open for the Season on Whit-Monday; the band will be under the direction of Herr Sommer of the Great Exhibition notoriety. Mr. Wardell, as usual, is the able lessee and manager.

MADAME FERON.—This once celebrated Italian vocalist died in London, on Monday last, at an advanced age. Madame Feron, when her vocal powers had somewhat declined, appeared with some success on the English stage, more than twenty years ago. She had long since retired into private life.

MADLE. SAINVILLE'S CONCERT.—On Tuesday evening a concert, numerously and fashionably attended, was given at Willis's Rooms, by Madle. Letitia Sainville. The selection of music was sufficiently diversified. There were included among the masters from whose works the pieces had been culled, Bellini, De Beriot, Verdi, Dr. Arne, Thalberg, Rossini, Mercadante, and Donizetti. Mademoiselle Barwolf, an astonishing little phenomenon, performed one of De Beriot's concertos on the violin with surprising brilliancy and expression. Madame Bompiani played a fantasia of Thalberg's on the pianoforte—the theme being taken from *Sonnambula*. Besides these there were other attractions. There was a new ballad "Absence," sung for the first time by Mr. George Tedder, admirably, and there was Klücken's song of "Sweet May," sung by Miss Rose Braham. An aria, called "The Magic of Home," was given later on in the evening by Mr. C. Cotton—having been

composed expressly for him by Mr. J. Blewitt. The new song, composed by Mr. J. H. Hatton, "The Slave's Dream"—one of the most exquisite of the minor poems of Professor Longfellow, was introduced to an English audience for the first time by Herr Brandt, and, fortunately for that artist, he was accompanied by M. Alexandre Billet, the distinguished pianist, and one of the most graceful and artistic of accompanists. Herr Brandt commanded for the new song an unanimous and cordial encore—throwing into its delivery great passion and tenderness. The rest of the entertainment passed off in every respect satisfactorily.—*Sun*.

HARP UNION.—The members of this new society met on Tuesday morning at Willis's Rooms, and gave a concert under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, &c., &c. The object of the Harp Union, as may be fathomed, is to bring into vogue the instrument from which the society derives its nomenclature, and which is considered by many—especially of the harp profession—to have been of late years unjustly neglected and looked over. While Piano, the elder sister, goes to balls, routs, concerts, and theatres, poor Harp, the younger, pines at home beside the ashes, like Cinderella, or is brought out at holiday rare times. Now the members of the new union have determined to do as the fairy in the tale did—to take Cinderella from her ashes, to furnish her anew with every possible attraction, and help her to high places and patronage. Irishmen and Welshmen are feelingly and nationally interested in the move, and it is to be hoped for the sake of all parties that the harp will be taken by the palm and unsighted. Besides, how much better for the trade in gut, now that guitars are gone out of fashion. The concert on Tuesday morning was, of course, a harp concert. The principal performances were Ferdinand Ries's grand trio for three harps, and Dussek's duo concertante. Also we must note a grand fantasia for pianoforte and harp, composed by Czerny and Parish Alvars, played, by the way, to perfection by Mademoiselle Clauss and Mr. Wright. In addition to Mr. Wright were, as harpers, Herr Oberthür and Mr. Frost, who constituted harpers of the first gut. There were several vocal pieces sung by the Misses Messent and Ursula Barclay, and the Messrs. Hoelzel and Benson, which afforded a pleasing variety to the harps. We shall vote for no repeal of the Harp Union.

THE BLACK SWAN.—Miss Greenfield, a black lady, who sings under this *nom de plume*, has arrived in London, and proposes shortly to give a concert under distinguished patronage. A late New York paper thus speaks of her qualifications:—"Her voice has a full round tone, and is of immense compass and depth. She strikes every note in a clear and well defined manner, and reaches the highest capacity of the human voice with wonderful ease, and apparently an entire want of exertion. Beginning with E in the bass clef she runs up the scale to C in the treble clef, and gives to each note its full power and tone. She commences at the highest note and runs down the scale with the same ease that she strikes any other lower note. The fact that she accomplishes this with no apparent exertion is surprising, and fixes at once the marvellous strength of her vocal organs. Her voice is wholly natural, and as might be expected, lacks the training and exquisite cultivation that belongs to the skilful Italian singer. But the voice exists, and as a famous maestro once said, 'it takes a hundred things to make a complete singer, of which a good voice is ninety-nine.'

Mr. H. J. TRUST, the accomplished harpist, was elected a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, last week.

Mr. HARRY LEE CARTER.—We are happy to inform our readers that this talented gentleman has quite recovered from his late attack of influenza, and has been performing during the week in his amusing and instructive entertainment, "The Two Lands of Gold," with great success.

MISS KENNEDY, the accomplished performer on the harp, has arrived in London for the season, after a highly successful sojourn in Paris during the last season, where her talent was greatly appreciated.

SIGNOR MURATORI, a composer, and professor of singing has arrived from Paris for the season.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, (E. LAND, Hon. Sec.)—Mrs. William Painter entertained a large and distinguished assemblage of the nobility and fashionable world at her mansion

in Belgrave-square, on the 5th instant, on which occasion a selection of Glees and Madrigals were performed, under the direction of Mr. Land, by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Frank Bodda, members of the above union.

HACKNEY.—Messrs. J. Youens and G. Case gave an evening Concert on Friday last, at the Literary Institution. The following artistes were engaged, Mademoiselle Anna Zerr, Miss Cicely Nott, and the Misses McAlpine, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cotton, and Mr. Henri Drayton, Concertina Mr. George Case, Contrabasso, Signor Bottesini, Pianoforte, Mr. W. Youens. The programme, a very select one, opened with Herold's overture to *Zampa*, performed on four concertinas by Messrs. G. Case, J. Youens, Carlo Minasi, and Joseph Case. Mademoiselle Anna Zerr's reception was immense. After the aria, "Queen of the night," the audience seemed spell-bound with pleasurable ecstasy; all her songs were encored. Mr. Sims Reeves sang with great success; his quiet manner of singing "Sigh no more ladies" was well worth all his other songs. He was of course encored in all he did. The gem of the evening was the duet from the *Lucia*, "Sulla Tomba," sung by Mademoiselle Anna Zerr and Mr. Sims Reeves, magnificently, and rapturously encored. The pianoforte solo of Mr. W. Youens was very nicely performed; his touch is good, and his execution nearly faultless. Mr. Cotton sang some songs to fill up the programme with good taste. Miss Cicely Nott sang with her usual brilliancy of execution, and was encored in her celebrated Echo song. Mr. Henri Drayton was encored in Russell's new song, "Pull away cheerily." The great contra basso, we are sorry to say, was too unwell to attend, whereby the concert lost much that was good. The conductors were Messrs. G. Case and J. Youens.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. John Macfarren's Concert, Miss Arabella Goddard's Concert, and other important matters unavoidably postponed till next week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

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